



From the New Haven Register.
OUR BANNER IN THE BREEZE.
Unfold our banner to the breeze!
To droop or falter never more—
From Maine's fair boundaries to the seas
That roll upon the Texan shore,
Our rising hosts gird on in might
The crushing arms that freemen wield,
And with unbroken front unite
And form along the battle-field.

In serried phalanx dense and deep,
Resolved and firm, and undismayed,
As ocean waves resistless sweep,
They march with Truth's bright shield
And blade.
And 'till they come,' the gathering throng!
While rings afar the thunder cry,
From host to distant host along.
'For Polk! for Dallas! Victory!'

The Whigs look on in wild amaze,
With pale despair in every eye,
And vainly hope to catch the blaze
That leaps and flashes through the sky!
In vain they hoist their frowzy flag,
And flap their coon-skins through the air;
In vain they drink and shout and brag;
Unfaltering still, 'our flag is there!'

Soon o'er the field of conflict won,
Above the foe's eternal grave,
In victory's bright and cloudless sun
Our star-gem'd gonfalon shall wave;
And Max from every distant clime,
From every shore and every sea,
Shall claim beneath its folds sublime,
The glorious birthright of the free.

Democracy! what joy shall pour
Its swelling anthem on the wind,
When at the idols shrine no more
Shall basely bend the human mind;
When owls, and cats, and coon-skins, all
Shall pass as long forgotten things,
And radiant o'er the land shall fall
The day that Truth and Freedom brings!

SMILE.

From the Albany Argus.
A SONG OF THE DEMOCRACY.
BY CHAS. O. WATERS, M. D.
We come—but not with revel shout—
No mad'ning Bacchal song—
No wild nor frenzied cry rings out
Our serried ranks along,
But heart with heart and hand with hand,
We onward press—we count the fight—
A bold—a true—a faithful band—
In Freedom's name—in Freedom's right.

We come—the weapons of the free
Are in each hand and brawny hand,
And falling sure and silently
They sweep corruption from the land,
Our leader we of yore have found
First in the fight and faithful ever;
With heart and hand we rally round
One who can prove a recreant never.

We come—and o'er us proudly waves
The banner that our fathers bore
To conquest or to patriot graves
When British minions throng our shore.
Yes—faithful hearts now throng thee round,
'Thou banner of the brave and free;
With high resolve each heart is bound
To conquer—or to fall with thee.

We come—we come a mighty throng
Full-pledged to freedom's sacred cause,
Our hearts are true—our hands are strong;
We fight for equal rights and laws.
The heritage our fathers gave,
The holy prize for which they bled,
Their sons shall guard—o' gory grave
Shall close above each freeman's head.

Then proudly raise our standard high,
And ev'ry mountain—ev'ry glen—
Shall echo back our rallying cry,
And 'Triumph crown our cause again.
Yes—boldly be our banner flung,
And firm let ev'ry freeman be,
Soon—soon shall leap from ev'ry tongue
The thrilling shout of Victory.

From the N. O. Courier of June 27.

GENERAL JACKSON.

Everything that relates to this old hero and patriot, is interesting to the American people. We cannot refrain, therefore—indeed, we think it our duty—to lay before the readers of the Courier, an extract from a letter written to his friend and ancient associate in arms, General PLAUCHE; from which it will be perceived that he is as much animated by love of country as he was thirty years ago, when he expelled the British invader from the soil of Louisiana.

We are happy and proud to hear the sentiments of the General on the subject of the Presidential election, and his predictions of the result. No man in the Union has fuller or more accurate information on that subject, and none is

capable of drawing a more correct conclusion from facts. But here is the extract:

"HERMITAGE, June 14, 1844.

"My Dear General—Texas, in possession of England, or under her influence, and where would be the safety of our frontier from Indian depredation, and of the South and West from a servile war? Great Britain would organize an army on the west bank of the Sabine, then declare war, and in six days, with light troops, seize Baton Rouge. Having turned all our fortifications, New Orleans would fall; and having command of the ocean, it would cause a loss to us of fifty thousand lives, and millions of money to regain it.

"Texas is the key to our safety from British invasion. I say accept her hand while she holds it out to us, and shut the door against all future danger, regardless of consequences.

"No one could regret more than I did, the position in which my friend, Mr. Van Buren, placed himself by his letter on the annexation of Texas. Had he come out for immediate annexation, he would have received the unanimous vote of the Convention as a candidate for the Presidency, and would have been elected by the South and West by acclamation. Although I regret losing Mr. Van Buren and the cause, yet, I rejoice that the Convention have made choice of those worthy Democrats, POLK and DALLAS. They are the strongest and best selection that could have been made; true in all their political principles; open in their opinions; frank and firm in their desires for the immediate annexation of Texas, around whom every democrat, every true American and patriot can and will rally, and none, I trust, with more alacrity than the brave Louisianians, whose firesides are not safe until Texas is annexed to our Union.

"Then let Polk, Dallas and Texas be the watchword and countersign—and Clay and his friend Frelinghuysen, the friend also of abolitionism, for which he spurns at Texas, will be overwhelmed by the unanimous voice of the South.

"The resolution for the annexation of Texas received the united votes of the Convention, and I have no doubt but that they will receive the united voice of all Louisianians, as their safety and happiness depends upon it.

"The nominations have received a hearty response throughout the Union. I think Polk and Dallas will get twenty States, if not twenty-two, out of the twenty-six. Let Texas be the watchword and victory is certain.

"Your friend sincerely,
"ANDREW JACKSON."

POLITICAL MANAGERY.



LAST APPEARANCE OF THE COON.

Walk in ladies and gentlemen. Wake up Democrats and stir the hairy [Harry] Coon up. Ladies and gentlemen don't be afraid of the varment, he is as tractable and as gentle as a puppy. I want you to watch him well, ladies and gentlemen, and you will observe that he can wheel about and turn about oftener than the generality of Coons; in fact, he is what might be termed a 'somerset Coon.' Now ladies and gentlemen, the time for feeding the animal has arrived, you will be particular to notice that the way the biggest and fattest chunk of meat is thrown that way he will turn. This Coon, ladies and gentlemen, used to have a beautiful white ring round his tail which has entirely disappeared. Now ladies and gentlemen, while you are watching him devour his victuals, I'll get Big Ben to give you a blast on the trumpet, previous to my giving you the history of that same old Coon who has been stirred up so often.

That old Coon, ladies and gentlemen, belonged to the Republican party until about the time that old federal Coon, John Q. Adams, was about to sell his country for a mess of cod fish and potatoes; 'twas then he had the white ring put around his tail. But in 1824 he deserted the republican party and went over to that old federal Coon, John Q. Adams, and seated himself in the State tree intending to jump into the Presidential tree; but, ladies and gentlemen, he couldn't quite come it. He then took lessons in jumping under that old Coon, John Q. Adams, and jumped into the Secretaryship tree, after having proclaimed to the world, that there grew no better nor stronger tree than that same old Hickory tree—after the Legislature of his own State had instructed him to vote for that same good Hickory tree, and for that act the Democrats put a black ring around his tail, which has covered up the white one. Ever since

then, ladies and gentlemen, he has been a deserter Coon, and a selfish Coon, and an aspiring Coon, and withal a devil of an ambitious Coon. In 1828 he tried to jump in to the Presidential tree again, but his nails had not grown enough to hold fast to the bark, and he was forced to let go. In 1832 he tried to come it again, but the keepers of the animal would not let him. Now, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and don't be afraid, for he is to old to bite, besides his teeth are all gone, and he cannot bite. Go on with the music, and stir up the Coons. Well, ladies and gentlemen, in '36 he tried to climb into the Presidential tree, but his nails had worn to the quick, and his strength had failed so that he could not reach the first limb, and in '40 his keepers with their known sagacity, kept him off the tree; and, ladies and gentlemen, in '44, the people will forever Polk him off that tree.—Big Ben, give us another blast of the trumpet.

A NEW VOLUME.

The New Mirror, OF Literature & the Fine Arts.

EDITED BY G. P. MORRIS AND N. F. WILLIS.

(Each number contains a beautiful Steel Engraving.)

GOOD as the Mirror has hitherto been (good enough to prosper) we have edited it as the Israelites built the walls of Jerusalem—with the best hand otherwise employed. The beginnings of all enterprises are difficult—more especially beginnings without capital—and the attention of one editor has been occupied with the management of the machinery now in regular operation, while the other, till the concern should be prosperous, was compelled to labor diligently for other publications. One by one (to change the figure) these hindering barnacles have been washed off our keel by going more rapidly ahead, and with the beginning of the third volume, BOTH EDITORS will be entirely and exclusively devoted to the MIRROR—equal to setting studding sails a-low and a-loft with the wind dead aft, full and steady. Of course she will now go along 'with a bow in her mouth'—as they say of a craft with the foam on her cut-water.

We live in the middle of this somewhat inhabited island of Manhattan, and see most that is worth seeing, and hear most that is worth hearing. After the newspapers have had their pick of the news, we have a trick of making a spicy hash of the remainder, (gleaning many a choice bit, by the way, which had been overlooked or slighted,) and we undertake, hereby, to keep the readers of the Mirror up to the times. Everybody reads newspapers and gets the outline of the world's going round—but we shall do just what the newspapers leave undone—fill up the outline—tell you 'some more,' (as the children say)—put in the light and shadows of the picture done by newspapers in the rough. It is what we have tried to do in our 'Letters to the National Intelligencer,' and as our brother editors seem to think we have succeeded, we will, (as we discontinue that correspondence in April) in rather a more dashing and lighter vein, resume the metropolitan sketches in the Mirror.

A secret in your ear dear reader:—By selling the plate of each number for half what it is worth you get the reading for nothing! Each plate is worth a shilling to put in an album—and the whole Mirror costs but sixpence! So it is, in fact, for nothing that you get sixteen pages of the best literature that we can procure for you, including descriptions of things about town that are seldomest described and best worth describing.—Of course we can only afford this by very small profits on a very large circulation, and ten thousand subscribers are but the turn of the tide. The next ten thousand (into which we are now feeling our way) will be the first move of the rising tide that overruns into our pockets.

We keep an eye in the back of our head to see if any body is likely to overtake us (and to try their trick before they come alongside,) and we keep a look out on both sides (from the silent balconies of our imagination) for any stray breezes of novelty for which it is possible to trim sail. And to show you our hand a little—we have begged, (like Eolus,) a breeze or two which we shall receive awhile for competition. If nothing overhand us, we shall try our speed by and by, with sky-scrapers and all—just to amuse the reader, and show our regard for his respectable sixpence.

Our plates by the way, we undertake to say, shall be, from this date, of twice the excellence (at least) of those heretofore given. Experience and inquiry, (with a little more money,) make more difference in the bettering of this branch of our business than of most others.

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JOSEPH M. BEEDLOVE.

July 18, 1844-2-3*

The Dollar Globe: A NEW PAPER FOR THE CANVASS.

WE resume the publication of our cheap paper for the Presidential election, cheered by the strongest hopes of a glorious result. Nothing is wanting to insure success to the Democratic party in the coming contest, but a united effort on the nomination of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore. The Federal party have met with nothing but disaster and defeat wherever the Democratic party have been united, since the eyes of the nation were opened by the monstrous measures urged by Mr. Clay, as a dictator in Congress, the man who is again presented to the nation as an executive dictator to the country. In no State of the Union, except Rhode Island, has federalism achieved success since 1840, except where divisions in the Democratic party, in regard to their favorite presidential candidates, have paralyzed its efforts, and suppressed its full suffrage at the polls. It is alone on our discontents, and divisions about favorites, that federalism counts. Can it indulge the hope that now, when its monstrous visage is fully unmasked, the true-hearted, intelligent, resolute people of this country, who have always hated tyranny in every form, will embrace it? Is a national bank, the crowning object of all Mr. Clay's designs, just at the moment when the dissolution of the last oppressor of this sort has made manifest its corruption, its abominable abuses, its attempts to suppress free suffrage, its success in polluting the legislation of the country, State and National, interference with the elections, and utter prostitution, through its means, of the fundamental support of free institutions,—is such an incorporated government now to meet the favor of such a people? Is a national debt, to bolster up such a bank, and support the government here in defiance of the popular will, as it does in England, already originated by Mr. Clay during his short reign in the coonskin Congress, calculated to give him the suffrages of the nation for the presidency? Is the dishonest, fraudulent, and exorbitant tariff of Mr. Clay's Congress, levying taxes upon the people for the necessities of life, 100 per cent. beyond the revenue duty, for the benefit of the overgrown capitalists, likely to promote his further political advancement? Is his distribution law, wasting the proceeds of the public domain, provided by our revolutionary fathers as a sacred fund for the defence of our Republic, and gradually to be extended as homes for actual settlers, as our population expands, after being condemned by the people, suddenly to increase the popularity of the author of the nefarious scheme, which he himself denounced in the earlier and better days of his political career? In his bankrupt act, violating the obligation of contracts, stripping one man of his property to give it to another, who had betrayed his confidence—thus extinguishing the very idea of justice in the popular mind, and making government itself the pander to every species of iniquity, perjury, and fraud—likely to promote his success? In a word, what is there in all Mr. Clay's principles and measures, developed in a long course of artful management, which has at every step fallen under the ban of the people, to recommend him to a station which will enable him to bring upon these devoted heads a visitation of all his accursed measures at once? There is not one great feature in his policy that is not stamped indelibly with aristocracy. War upon the many for the benefit of the few, extortion from the poor for the advantage of the rich, oppression of the weak to give power to the strong, are the most striking characteristic of Mr. Clay's policy. He looks to the powerful, rich, the artful associations composed of the non-producing classes, to overwhelm, by concerted efforts, the great masses of the country, and give him the power to make them a spoil. Seduction, delusion, persuasion, mixed with overbearing authority, will all be employed to make those of our countrymen who look only to government for protection, consign it to the hands of a man who will make it what government has always been elsewhere—the means of the subjugation of the honest multitude to the yoke of the artful and interested few. We do not believe that the independent and intelligent spirit of this country is yet prepared for such a change. And so believing, we look to the result of the November election as another great triumph of the cause of the democracy in this country. To promote this result, we revive the publication of our cheap periodical paper. And to increase its efficacy, we propose to publish it twice instead of once a week, at the same price as formerly. We propose, too, to add to its strength by inducing the ablest, and wisest, and best men of our country to contribute to its columns. Our whole heart and mind, from the first hour of its appearance, shall be devoted to give it interest and usefulness—and, with God's blessing, we trust it will render some service to our country.

The publication will commence with the proceedings and address of the Baltimore Democratic Convention. It will embrace all the important discussions during the canvass, and conclude by summing up its results, giving the votes for the presidential candidates in every State in the Union. It will, in one word, be a brief history of the eventful period it embraces; and, as it will have an index for easy reference, will make a volume worthy of preservation.

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please give this prospectus a few lines, and we will reciprocate the favor, and an opportunity shall occur. We whom we do not exchange, if the prospectus, and send one of our paper containing it, directed to 74, Washington City.

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BLAIR & WASHINGTON CITY, 1844.

'The Lady's Ch'

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Literary & Religious Magazine FOR 1844.

(The Lady's Wreath, 'Religious Literary Gem' and 'Ladies Pearl' united.)

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